

[The Traveller](#) by [Idhren15](#)

Series: [Linked Universe Collection \[6\]](#)

Category: The Legend of Zelda & Related Fandoms, The Legend of Zelda (Video Game 1986)

Genre: Character Study, Fairies, Fluff, Healing, Hyrule (Linked Universe)-centric, In a way, LU is mentioned, Linked Universe (Legend of Zelda), Magic, Post-Game(s), Rebuilding Hyrule, Travel, Zelda Anniversary, soft, this is basically what happens to Hyrule after his adventures & LU, this is mostly what happens after the first 2 LoZ games, written in celebration of 35 years of LoZ!

Language: English

Characters: Fairies - Character, Hyrule (Linked Universe), Link (Legend of Zelda)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-02-21

Updated: 2021-02-21

Packaged: 2021-09-15 21:22:17

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,073

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

He devotes the rest of his days to restoration, to travelling the land and bringing healing with his touch. The princesses are more than capable of healing the political side of things; it is his job to take care of the rest.

"It's been 35 years since I began my journey."

The Traveller

Author's Note:

Happy 35th Anniversary to the Legend of Zelda!

I wrote this little oneshot in celebration - and who better to centre it on, than Hyrule himself.

This is set after the first 2 LoZ games, and references Linked Universe as well, though it is not the main focus.

I hope you enjoy!

Booted feet tread lightly over fallen leaves, following a path that only the trained eye can see. Aging hands reach out and caress the plants that border the path, a small whisper of *life* and the plants regain their colour, turning flower-faces towards the sun again. The traveller smiles at the restoration, and continues his journey, pausing frequently to charm and invigorate those in need.

He is a mysterious character, say any who have had the privilege of seeing him. A man approaching his fifties, the age where he should begin to think about taking his rest amongst family and friends. But the traveller has no permanent residence, nor a family, nor the usual friends. Even if he did, he would not rest; there is still much work to be done.

His job is to heal the land.

An impossible task, many say, for as long as they can remember, there has been a shadow over the world. Monsters lurk around every corner, their crops struggle and wither. The land is barren, and so are its people.

The traveller should know of the dangers; his lack of home is not wholly due to his vocation, but the monsters that chase him for his blood, making it impossible to settle anywhere for too long. He could build a mighty fortress for protection, but that will only be advantageous to himself.

So instead he wanders, everything he owns in a patched-up bag over his shoulder, food gifted to him as he heals, shelter easily found under trees or in caves. He's used to being alone; he was alone at the beginning, and the year spent with a group of companions is no more than a memory now.

It's the sweetest of memories, full of campfire tales and laughter, warm embraces and pink hair, beautiful worlds and wonderful hearts that inspired him to take up this mammoth task.

He remembers one world in particular, so incredibly vast, leagues upon leagues of breathtaking landscapes to marvel and explore.

It is the most special, of all he's seen, because it serves as a promise. That one day, the change started by his hand will grow and flourish into the beautiful world that he has seen.

It is a promise, that even though it may take thousands of years, the barren land of Hyrule will one day be restored to a breathtaking, wild world.

And so he devotes the rest of his days to restoration, to travelling the land and bringing healing with his touch. The princesses are more than capable of healing the political side of things; it is his job to take care of the rest.

The traveller continues on his path, a usual sight, though he does have a destination in mind for once. It is a special place, a grove full of life and love, not far from the

beginnings of a new village. The land surrounding still needs his healing touch, and for that he is grateful; it gives him reason to come this way, more often than he does most places.

When he enters the grove, he does not need to whisper words of life, as this place has begun to thrive under its own magic.

"Big brother!" comes a cry, then there is a flutter of many wings and many more cries, little people of pink and blue and yellow zipping around his head. The traveller laughs and throws back his hood, and some of the fairies settle in his greying curls.

"Hello, little siblings," he greets, his voice taking on an ethereal chime. The fairies dance around and pull him deeper into the grove, to a little pond, where four tiny creatures lie sleeping on a lily pad.

They are sisters, only babies, currently nameless and unaware of the greatness they will grow into. The traveller knows, though; he has seen them, in the beautiful wild world, has witnessed their strength and beauty, knows their individual names, and the collective that they are Great Fairies indeed. He knows that one will stay here, whilst the others spread to the far corners of the land. He knows that their power will be magnificent, but then it will wane, until a traveller not dissimilar to him stumbles upon them, and gifts them enough to let them thrive once more.

All this he knows, but for now they are new into this world, and he smiles as he watches them sleep, the secrets of the future forever locked from his tongue.

"They seem so weak and small," one fairy whispers, next to his ear, "Will they be okay?"

"Yes. They will thrive, I promise you that," he answers.

Satisfied, the fairy flies off, and the little people join together in a merry dance through the air. The traveller slowly sits down on the grass, letting his weary bones have a moment's rest, and watches the joy of the fairies. He's trying to encourage them to spread out in the world, bring their healing as he is doing, but they are not yet ready. But that is okay, they still have time to join him.

He is growing tired, but he is not yet done.

As if sensing this, one of the older fairies leaves the dancing group and flutters back over to him.

"You should rest here a little while, with us," she suggests, "The rest of Hyrule can wait."

"It never does wait for me, though," he says, and relaxes a little more as he muses.

"It's been 35 years since I began my journey. With nothing but a simple sword and an old man's caution. Ah, how far we have come," he smiles, and lifts his hand as the fairy lands on it.

"I appreciate your concern, sister. And I will rest here - but only for tonight. Though the shadows have begun to pass us by, I believe Hyrule still needs its hero."

"Very well," the fairy responds, "Just be careful, big brother!"

He nods and smiles even more, then turns and tilts his head up as the last rays of the day slip through the trees to caress his weathered face. He breathes deeply, feeling the sun on his skin, the life in the earth, the magic of his siblings surrounding him.

It has been 35 years of adventures and travel, of friendship and healing, and he wouldn't trade that time for anything.

Link hopes to be blessed with 35 years more.

Author's Note:

I must confess I haven't yet played the first games, so I apologise for any errors. I snuck in a few references to another LoZ game that I HAVE played, though! :)

Thank you so very much for reading! :D